

THE WILMERDING



CHRISTMAS

1911

The Wilmerding Life

December, 1911

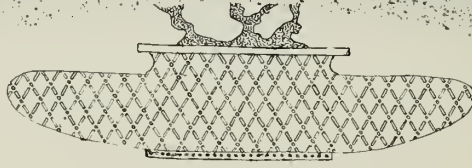
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Literary

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VOL. IX.

DECEMBER, 1911.

NO. 2.

The Sin of Pegraleinus

HOMER H. SOSSO.

Down at the foot of the Pacific Ocean, between the most southern point of South America and what is known as Graham land, just outside of the ice-pack, is a small group of islands. They are unnamed, and of too little importance to be marked upon the map. Indeed, the islands are hardly known except to the few navigators of that portion of the globe.

It has devolved upon me to present them, or rather their inhabitants, to the world. Perhaps their story would never have been told, had not the report of human beings upon these islands, so excited my curiosity that I fitted up a small vessel and started down the coast to visit them.

It was not merely curiosity, nor the spirit of adventure, which sent me off on such a trip. The real incentive was my eagerness to find relics or signs of the old races of our continent. Most likely I would have treated with incredulity, as did many others, the story of human beings upon an island where life was a rarity and living almost an impossibility, but for my persistent belief in the theory that the southern land, now so bleak and barren, was once a fertile, peopled country, such as is seen in the land of the northern portion of this continent. The great discoveries of explorers before me; bones of prehistoric animals, though no human ones were found, pointed to a habitable land.

Unable to secure companions or helpers, I started out alone. Even the arguments and pleadings of my friends did not deter me in my intentions. My boat was rather small so that to carry a large stock of food was out of the question. I was advised to carry enough for three weeks; but was so confident of covering the distance in a week that I carried only half that amount. Besides, if it was true that there were people on the islands, I could secure food from them.

Although equipped with a good knowledge of the sailor's craft, it was gained mainly through experience on the Great Lakes, and like many before me, I did not consider the wild storms and heavy seas I would encounter.

Everything in readiness, I bade my friends good-by and on January 13th set out. The entire population came down to the beach to see me off. Not one expected to set eyes on me again; to them the trip was a piece of foolhardiness that only an insane person would take. Yet, good-hearted people that they were, they did all in their power to assist me. I shall always remember with pleasure my stay in that South American village.

My trip was uneventful. Several times I was forced to land and take refuge in any cave or sheltered nook I could find. Generally the storms were



short, but once I was caught unsheltered and for two days and nights huddled, in the darkness, between two rocks whose shelving sides offered but poor security against the beating rain and wind.

As a result it was ten days before I came to the islands I was seeking. There were seven of them, four of considerable size, the other three were small, peaked, and with precipitous sides. Of the four only one was on the outside or seaside of the group, and a broad beach with a slight slope proclaimed the mating ground of seals.

I was disappointed not to find any visible signs of human habitation. Indeed, I was inclined to believe that my quest would result in nothing, but my determination led me to land and investigate the report.

The sky had an ominous appearance which foretold a terrific storm. Hastily unloading my goods I dragged my vessel up the beach as far as I considered safe and then started out to seek a shelter for myself.

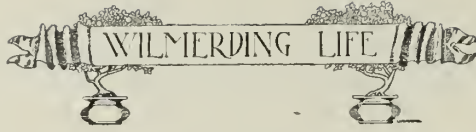
From the rugged appearance of the cliff I concluded I would find some cave or gully to take refuge in until the storm was over. But to my surprise there was not even a ledge to stand under. Anxiously I searched; darkness was coming on, and it would not do to face the storm unprotected. My anxiety became fear, I ran, stumbling, falling, then on again, in a blind aimless way. The darkness was now so intense it hurt the eyes to open them. On and on I went until I fell into a bush, cutting a gash in my forehead, and lay unconscious for an unknown time.

When I regained consciousness the storm was at its height. I was partly sheltered by the bush, and befogged as my brain was, I crawled slowly and painfully under it. This bush I knew grew at the base of a cliff and I hoped to shelter myself in some nook or cranny. On my hands and knees, feeling along carefully, I worked my way forward. Still no cliff, but as I listened the storm seemed to die away. This gave me courage and I went on faster. But at every movement forward the sounds grew fainter and fainter. I was in a cave.

As this fact struck me, I uttered a cry and tumbled over, to rest my exhausted body with a long sleep. When I awoke the sun was streaming in the entrance of the cave. My head throbbed and ached and my throat was parched with thirst. My whole body was sore. I was on the point of going out when the sound of falling water in the rear stopped me. I had never heard of springs in rocks of such strata, but was prepared for anything in this strange land.

The light from the cave penetrated a short distance so it was only by feeling along the side that I could make my way. The wall turned suddenly, exposing another entrance to the cave. The water I had heard issued from a fissure in the side of the rock near the opening and, running along the floor, disappeared at the cave's mouth.

I hastily bathed my head and drank my fill in the stream, which was of considerable size, and then made my way out. The scene before me was beyond



description. At my feet was a valley bordered on three sides by straight rugged cliffs fully 200 feet in height. On the fourth side, the face of the cliff was broken up by numerous fissures and valleys, all of which seemed to end in *cul-de-sac*. So that the valley was really inaccessible.

But the most wonderful part of it all was the valley itself. From where I stood could be seen the cultivated fields, white-roofed houses and even figures here and there. My amazement knew no bounds. I had expected to find a rude people, uncivilized, living on almost nothing; and found instead a civilized race raising their own food, and erecting suitable dwellings. Still I seemed little better off than I was when back in Serra del Cathos, for to descend the cliff beneath me was an impossibility. Yet how had these people entered into the valley? True, my surmise might be wrong and one of these valleys open out on the short side of the island. Indeed, so probable did this seem that I determined to go back and explore the island in hopes of reaching this home of an unknown race.

As I turned, my eyes lit on a narrow ledge running along the face of the cliff for several hundred yards. Now there was nothing wonderful in this ledge; right across from me were several similar ledges running across the face and terminating abruptly. But to my excited brain it suggested a path whereby one could wind slowly down into the valley. It appeared dangerous and difficult to traverse, but nothing could have hindered me at that moment.

My legs were still a trifle unsteady so I got down on my hands and knees to travel. Perhaps this method of locomotion was just as well, for the cliffs above the ledge curved slightly out, narrowing the foothold considerably. As I crept on, my head began to swim and it was only by stopping and shutting my eyes that I could overcome the dizziness I experienced. Although I have suffered many nerve-racking trials yet in all my life I have never spent such a terrible half hour. Yes, for it was nearly half an hour before I reached the bend, a distance one could cover in three minutes walking. As I turned the bend I was so startled that I nearly toppled off the ledge. There within a hundred paces was flight after flight of stairs running steeply down into the canyon until finally lost in the shadows at the base of the cliff.

Here, then, was the means of ascent and descent of these strange people. Opposite me was a wide cut ledge which afforded passage for man or beast. It ended in full view at the base of a smooth faced cliff. I was puzzled at this but finally gave it up. Turning my attention to the steps I was horrified to discover that the ledge ended abruptly ten feet away from them. A man strong and agile would have hesitated before taking a leap where a slip of the foot on those narrow stone steps would have meant a sure and terrible death. It was a case of go on and risk it, or repeat that fearful journey on the ledge. I hastily decided to take the risk and go on. By standing on the end of the ledge and springing off I could catch on the steps below me. The worn appearance of the rocks gave me courage for a means of securing a hold seemed slightly



possible. I limbered myself up as much as possible, trying all the time to get up my courage. Finally I stepped out to the end of the ledge. My heart beat furiously and a strange, shaky sensation crept over me. I steadied myself, trying to regain my composure.

I stood facing the steps at an angle. This rendered the jump more difficult so I shifted my position, thus bringing myself nearer the face of the steps. In doing so my foot slipped off the ledge and I hung balanced, fingering the rock for a hold to draw myself back. My heart pounded violently, while I was seized alternately with spasms of chills and fever. My forehead was covered with perspiration, panic seized me, and could I have done so I would have raced far from that awful ledge. But reason calmed me and once more I crouched upon the ledge. Nerving myself, I hesitated a scant moment and then with a mighty bound hurled myself across the chasm and landed safely on the steps. As, seated comfortably in my arm chair, free from care and danger, and with a calm mind, I look back upon that terrifying moment, all those sensations come upon me and I experience again that tedious painful passage of the ledge and that leap across the chasm.

Once safe upon the stairs I rested as well as the situation permitted, and then started down the long flight below me. The steps could be descended very rapidly by an agile person. Later, I saw some of the natives running down them at such a speed as bid fair to precipitate them to a frightful death. But to me the task was more difficult than I would have undertaken under any other circumstances. I turned my face to the wall and made my descent as one would a ladder.

At the end of the first flight there was a large space or platform which curved in the shape of a semi-circle to the other side of a projection from the cliff above. Here a narrower passage connected it with the next flight. I sprawled out on the flat surface of the rock, which, in my exhausted state, seemed softer than a bed. This short respite gave me renewed strength. The next flight was passed over more quickly. The third and fourth were shorter though steeper.

The darkness prevented me from investigating the cavern I had descended into. No light save from where I had come in revealed the presence of a doorway or means of exit. Groping forward I peered into the gloom endeavoring to penetrate it. I stumbled upon something which I lost no time in investigating. It proved to be a small square block of stone. No amount of pushing succeeded in moving it. As I arose and proceeded onward all of my fears and anxieties were forgotten for before me, instead of blackness, was a long tunnel with the bright sunshine beyond.

With a shout I bounded forward, and in an instant was once more under the blue sky with the sun pouring down upon me. A broad winding road of bed rock, bordered by high stone walls seemed to invite me to follow it. No invitation was necessary as my eagerness urged me on. On every hand were evi-



dences of an advanced civilization. The walls were made of large stones, the space between being filled with smaller ones, the whole forming a compact mass that would do credit to an up-to-date mason. The road was of solid stone, not built, but how made I could not ascertain. At the end of a mile or so I came to a cross-road similar to the one I was traveling on. I had no idea where I was traveling to, the side walls being too high to permit me to see the surrounding country. The distance ahead of me also precluded any chance of viewing the houses which I had seen from above.

After a long walk, during which I had passed several cross-roads, some mere alleys, others nearly as large as the main road, without the sight of any human beings, I found my journey rather abruptly ended this way by an enormous field or plain, dotted here and there with white houses. Although these houses seemed placed regardless of any plan, more careful examination showed that the valley was laid out in squares, the corners of which were occupied by the dwellings. Instead of bedrock the spaces between the squares were of turf, a veritable carpet. In this way the road became lost, but exactly opposite the continuation could be seen, climbing up to the cliffs above.

Near the center, and opposite each other, were two large buildings, evidently temples. It was to these that I made my way in hopes of finding some of the people, but all the buildings I passed seemed deserted. Even the temples as I stood viewing them were unguarded.

With slight misgivings as to the propriety of my conduct I passed into one of them. The sound of my boots resounded amongst the great spaces of the room. A door in the rear opened quickly and an old man, with flowing white beard, stood peering at me from the threshold. I in turn stared back, taking him in from head to foot. His dress was a peculiar one, unlike any I was familiar with. A white tunic covered him from the shoulders to the knees; his legs were encased in fine black trousers, which were tied at the ankles. Holes were cut in the tunic for the arms, which were encased in close fitting sleeves of the same material as the undergarments. His head was bare, exposing to view his white hair, well matched by his flowing beard. The footgear was of soft leather, in form a sandal, but really a moccasin.

It was not so much the strange dress, nor the white beard and hair of the old man which attracted me as it was the face; calm and peaceful; the blue eyes large and expressive. Humor and the fire of a religious enthusiast were both represented there. The features were large. His half open mouth showed a set of remarkably fine teeth. The high cheek bones proclaimed his nativity in spite of the whitish hue of the skin. The hands were small and showed aristocratic birth; the feet in proportion. Although aged he stood rigidly erect, a giant in height and strength. Amazement was plainly written on his face, but pride and politeness claimed their due share.

"And who are you, stranger?" he exclaimed in a deep toned voice, and in a language, though strange to hear, which I recognized as having for its root



the most ancient Phoenician. I was nervous! My knowledge of his tongue was not by any means perfect, and I hesitated and stumbled in my speech in an endeavor to explain my situation. He smiled and held up his hand for silence, in the manner of a speaker checking the enthusiasm of his listeners.

"Come," said he, "come, you need rest and food. We will talk afterwards." And advancing he took my hand and led me back to the room from which he had come.

I was amazed. Had a stranger, of an unknown race and garbed in a peculiar manner, suddenly appeared in our midst he would have created quite a furor. My dress, speech, and manners must have interested him exceedingly and yet here he was, calmly receiving me as though I had but stepped in for a visit. I did not understand the strange man at all.

Events had passed so rapidly that I had but little time to study the interior of the temple. But here in this little room I was undisturbed, as my host had gone to prepare a repast for me, and used my time profitably. The walls were bare and were made of a white stone which I recognized as marble. There was a stone bench on either side of the room, and a stone table was placed in the center. The only light penetrated through a square hole in the wall. Everywhere there was plenty of stone but no wood or metal. The floor was carpeted with skins, some of which were goat, others seemed to be bullock skins. One kind I had never seen and was studying, when the door opened and my host appeared.

Seeing that I was puzzled by the skin he said the one word "Bwango." I suppose this was the name of the animal whose skin I was examining, but was little enlightened as to its character. However, I said nothing, determining to follow my host's example and reserved questions until after dinner.

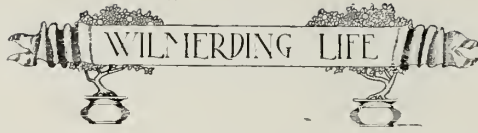
It was fully twenty-four hours since I had tasted a morsel of food. The excitement and strain I had undergone left me weak, so I welcomed with delight the invitation of my host to eat; an invitation given by a mere wave of the hand, more expressive though than fifty words spoken by an ordinary person.

The table was heaped with steaming dishes, which were, by the way, of a peculiar stone. There was soup, followed by meat and vegetables, most of which were unknown to me. An urn containing goat's milk and a flat cake which tasted like corn meal bread completed the menu. I ate ravenously. When I arose I was half ashamed of myself.

During dinner my host had sat gazing out of the window. When I arose he turned and arose also. He smiled, or rather his eyes did, for the features seemed immovable.

"Enough?" was his concise query, and as I nodded, he added, "Come, then, and I will present you to my people."

I followed him through the temple and out into the plain. The sun had set, that is, it had disappeared behind the towering mountain tops. My guide glanced at the cliffs at the back of the temple. I followed his gaze and saw a series of



white lines, how fixed I knew not, the tenth of which the last rays of the sun were approaching. I was on the point of asking the reason of these lines when the thought struck me that they were the hour marks of a sun dial used by these people. Just as the shadow crossed the line figures appeared on the wall. Soon the walls on each side were crowded by men, women and children, all armed with implements the nature of which darkness concealed.

Then with one voice the entire people broke into song and a mighty chorus rolled upward. Now they were descending by slow steps which had escaped my notice before. They came from every side surrounding the temples in a circle, still continuing their song. A figure behind me stepped forward. It was the keeper of the temple, my man of mystery. The singers stopped instantly, only the echoes disturbed the silence. With rapid strides he crossed the space between the two temples and mounted a stone pedestal by steps in the rear, to the broad platform which was some 20 feet above the ground.

From here he addressed the people, not with the violent gestures of such native orators as I was used to seeing, but with those sweeping, expressive motions I soon became familiar with. Naturally I was the object of interest, the crowd gazing constantly at me, but making no fuss and showing but little surprise. It was an anxious time for me. The attitude of these people was to decide a most momentous question for me. Would they sacrifice me to their gods, or merely conduct me to the seaside and leave me to my fate? Either one or the other was unpleasant to think about but the former, strange to say, appealed to me, offering a better opportunity of seeing more of this peculiar race.

Thus I was overjoyed to hear the people shout "Erios! Erios" which I took to be the name of my kind host. The population advanced towards me and every person touched in order the head, right shoulder, chest, and left shoulder and head with the palm of the hand. Then they separated and left with heads lowered respectfully, and awaited my passage. I hesitated, not knowing whether to go on or not, but their manner re-assured me and I passed down the lane to the platform. As I mounted to the top I was met by Erios, as he was called, who took my hand and while holding it aloft made a sign with his other hand.

Immediately the people shouted, "Welcome, stranger!" and Erios turning toward me exclaimed, "Yes, Stranger, Welcome to the land of Sartia. I know not from whence you have come, nor how, but as you, like all of us, are one of God's creatures, I and my people bid you welcome."

Thus it was that I came to Sartia, that land unknown to the outside world, that had lain secure and undisturbed for unknown ages.

(End of Part I.)



While Phantoms Glide

WM. SWINYER.

"Hark, there it goes."

"It's nothing but rats I tell you, Dick. I declare, you're the most superstitious person I ever met."

"That's all well and good, but here this has been happening at precisely the same time for four consecutive evenings. I tell you it's enough to make anyone superstitious except, possibly, a wooden-headed man, like you, for instance."

"Oh, say now that's not—"

"Creak, creak! Creak, creak!"

"There it goes again. I'll settle this question for good and all."

This discussion was held between myself and another. We had been playing cards but had thrown them down with the exclamation uttered in the beginning of this story. We had been seated before a round oak table on which was a tray with a few refreshments besides our pack of cards.

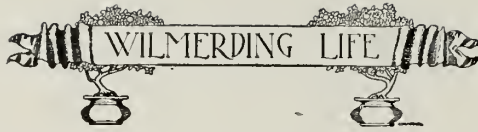
My companion reached the door and, turning for an instant, said, "I've got a little pill for anyone I find up there," and he tapped his hip-pocket significantly. Then jerking the door open he sprang into the hall. Being loath to remain alone I followed him. Catching up with him he turned and whispered, "Keep quiet." By treading softly up the stairs and along the floor, we soon reached the door which led to the attic. Dick opened the door and went quietly up the steps and I was about to follow when my attention was attracted by a dim bluish glow coming from the room opposite. "Dick," I called softly, "there's something in the opposite room." He came down the stairs and, seeing the light, commenced creeping softly to the opposite door, with me in his wake. What I saw struck me dumb with horror.

.

Leaving the reader in suspense for awhile, I will endeavor to explain why Dick and I were alone in such a large house.

Dick had had an eccentric bachelor uncle who had been, while a young man, a great rover. He had been mixed in many scrapes, but at last, realizing that he was growing old, had settled down to a quiet life. He had amassed a fortune, no one knew where, and proceeded to build a large house on the same place where his childhood's home had been. There were no other houses of any description for three miles around. It was situated on a rise of ground overlooking a small river whose banks at this point were quite precipitous. It was surrounded by tall and stately pine trees, except on the side facing the cliff. The view of the river was slightly obscured by a giant pine which hung partly over the cliff.

Dick's uncle had devoted several rooms to various antiques that he had collected while traveling.



He had died a month before our story opens and upon his will being read it was found that he had left all to his nephew, with the stipulation that he should live in this large house for one month. Although this was a strange request, Dick had obeyed it, taking me, after some persuasion, with him for company.

There was great surprise when it was found out that all the property left amounted to only ten thousand dollars, besides house and lot, because it had been supposed that the man was very wealthy.

A tall white transparent figure in a flimsy-flowing robe that glowed with a phosphorescent light was bending over something—I could not see what.

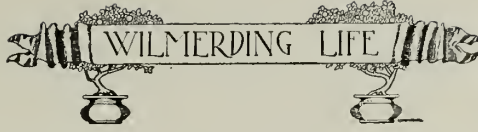
Suddenly, Dick, who had commenced creeping towards the figure, stumbled over a piece of antique pottery and fell to the floor with a crash. I, who had been following right behind, stumbled over him. The figure turned and faced us, and I hope that as long as I live I shall never see anything like it again.

It looked for all the world like some pictured inhabitant of Mars. No ears, nose, mouth nor outline of its face could be seen, but this lack was amply made up by the terrible appearance of its other features. Its eyes seemed like dark pits surrounded by a rim of fire. A short gleaming horn protruded from its forehead, while its two cheeks, which were a mass of soft red fire, vibrated in a most terrifying manner. It had no visible neck and its features bobbed around as a thing possessed. It had one long and skinny hand with thin and bony fingers like the talons of an eagle which moved about in a mysterious fashion, as no arm could be seen connecting it to the body.

After glaring at us for a moment, out of its bottomless eyes, it gave a terrifying scream and bounded past us. I was about to jump to my feet when I felt a cold object under my hand. I was overjoyed to find it was Dick's pistol and grasping it firmly in my hand I made after the phantom. I could hear it going up the attic stairs at a rapid pace. When I arrived at the top of the stairs I was just in time to see it vanish out of the attic window. Rushing to the window, I was astonished to see the phantom gliding on thin air towards the giant pine overhanging the cliff. Raising the pistol, I was about to fire when the figure turned slowly toward me and raising the hand with its invisible arm, with the large bony index finger extended, pointed straight at my heart. This completely unnerved me and I dropped my hand limply to my side. The ghost then turned slowly around and resumed its way towards the pine. Just as it reached the pine I realized that it was getting away without giving an account, and raising my arm and taking quick aim, I fired.

The ghost swayed slightly and then throwing its boney hand above its head it plunged down, down over the cliff into the river below.

Turning around I rushed into Dick's arms and he said in a voice quivering with excitement, "You winged it, Jack. You winged it."



The night was very dark as the moon had not yet risen and consequently the pines swallowed up the house in their dark shadows.

Together we rushed downstairs and after procuring a lantern made our way down the face of the cliff with considerable difficulty.

Dick, who had hurried down to the water's edge, espied something glowing out of the darkness near the shore. After calling my attention to it he hastened towards it. Pulling the object out of the water we examined it by the aid of the lantern.

It was a loose gown of very flimsy white silk. "It probably belonged to the ghost," said Dick.

When Dick had held the gown up to the light something had fallen out of one of its folds and he now stooped and picked it up.

"I wonder if this is what the ghost was after," mused Dick.

The object in question was a small curiously carved box of Indian workmanship, about half a foot square, with a small sliding door at one end.

"This is one of the antiques which my uncle collected while abroad. Many generations of one family in India keep all the family heirlooms in it and it is held very sacred by them. That ghost was probably one of that family who sought to recover the box, adopting the ghost disguise knowing that as we were the only ones in the large house he could scare us if we surprised him in his search," explained Dick.

While he had been explaining this to me he had put his hand inside the box and now withdrew it holding a paper and said in a surprised tone, "I never saw this in there before."

"Read it and find out," I said testily.

Dick quickly read:

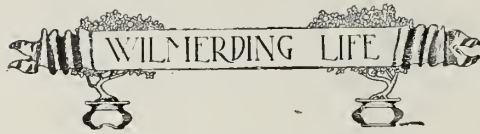
"Dick:—Knowing that you will come across this during your month's stay at my house, I have left this letter in this peculiar place for very good reasons.

"You will find a key with this letter. Take it and go to the big round oak table. Underneath the edge you will find a small hole and slip the key into it and you will then be able to slide off the top. What you find underneath I leave to you. Good-bye,
Uncle."

Dick and I went back to the house and he did as the latter directed him. When the top of the table slid off three packages of government bonds were revealed to our gaze.

After Dick had cooled down I insisted that we go up and see how the ghost managed to walk through the air. Leaning out of the window I at last discovered, by the aid of the moon which had just appeared, a stout iron wire which seemed to stretch from the house to the old pine.

But though we found all these clues nothing could be found which could tell us who our horrible visitor actually was.



The Heart of a Dog

HAROLD SMITH.

In the far north where the ground is always covered with snow, lived an old grizzled hunter. He had spent many winters in his little cabin, his only companion being a fine dog. This hunter lived many miles from the nearest settlement or cabin of any kind.

On this night, as my story opens, the cabin door was thrown wide and the gleam from the fire sent many mystic forms dancing outside upon the snow. On the doorstep stood a large dog gazing out into the night and whining occasionally. A noise sounded within the cabin and the dog's master, a man of massive size, came out equipped for a long journey.

"Naw, Dave, not ter night; yer gotta stay and look out for the cabin."

Looking wistfully into his master's eyes, the faithful creature whined and seemed to say, "You'll need me; better take me." But with a fond caress the hunter, or "Beaver Jack," as we shall know him, put Dave inside the cabin door and snapped the crude lock. Stooping down he fastened on his snow shoes, straightened up, pulled on his mittens and was about to start when, on second thought, he pushed open the one wooden window of the cabin and put his gun inside, his dog jumping up to lick his mittened hand. Then taking out a small axe he strapped it on his back, shut the window and strode away.

He was some miles from home when small flakes of snow began to fall.

"It certainly is going ter be a terrible blizzard or I'll miss me guess," he said, to himself, as he was flying onward to the settlement whither he was bound for food and ammunition. He suddenly lifted his head, for he had heard a sound only too well known to hunters. It was the dismal howl of the northern wolf, a most ferocious animal. Speeding onward, with as much strength as he could command, against the snow storm, he silently muttered, "Wished I'd went to the settlement yesterday; maybe if I did I would have me gun to-night. I only had two shells left so I'll have to do me best wid this axe and me bowie knife."

Trudging onward in the face of the storm, Beaver Jack slowed up, stopped quickly, untied his axe and waited.

"I lost me way, and it aint no use to go plowing along and go over some cliff." Another howl, answered by a second and re-echoed by more, aroused Beaver to his danger. Starting on with measured strides, he slowly made his way. He was brought to a standstill by a small pack of wolves emerging from the timber. Their dark forms reminded him that it was now time to act. In another moment they were upon him; wheeling, he struck with his axe several times in rapid succession and then sped onward hotly pursued. Speeding thus, he was brought up with a jerk, stumbled and fell; he was up in an instant and grappled with a large wolf. Catching the animal by the hind legs, he swung



him with all his strength over his head far out on the snow. Others kept pressing close, not venturing near, and Beaver picked up his axe wishing for his dog by his side.

But what about Dave? Returning to the cabin we find him just after Beaver Jack locked him in. The dog was growling and whining. He pressed his nose against the bottom of the door and bit out a splinter, soon a larger chip followed, till he had gnawed a good sized hole in the door. The dog understood that a blizzard was raging; he had sniffed it in the air when he was standing outside. The dog could not stay in the cabin and leave his master in deadly peril. Very soon the chips grew into pieces as big as kindling wood. At length a small hole appeared and a cold sweep of snow blew into the raw mouth of the dog. Biting his way through the thick door of the cabin, Dave's head peeped out, dodged back, another bite, and out crawled the brave creature to stand, sniff a moment, and then, with a loud bark, to run on into the now raging storm. The dog, without the sense of smell, ran on with only the hope that he might chance on his master. He stopped again, threw up his head, sniffed and scratched the ground; at length, with a short bark, he threw his head again against the wind and snow and started onward.

Returning to where we left Beaver Jack, we find him completely surrounded by the northern timber wolves. Still with a cool hand he kept them off; he snatched out his match-box and lit match after match, but with the heavy storm against him it was utterly useless. The wolves circled nearer, and one braver than the rest, made a great leap but was stretched lifeless by a heavy blow of Beaver's axe. Beaver was about to give up when the wolves massed together and a great fight was on. Beaver Jack struck bravely with his axe when, suddenly, the wolves broke and scattered, for some large dark creature was killing or maiming them as fast as they came up. Beaver Jack, at last almost exhausted, sank upon the snow stained with the blood of the wolves.

Very soon a great black wolf leaned over the fallen Beaver Jack. He could not find his bowie knife and was about to surrender hope. But! What was it? a warm tongue pressed against Jack's cheek and a welcome "woof" sounded in his ear. Feebly gaining strength, Beaver sat up and putting his face to Dave's shaggy brow, he sobbed, "Jest in time, old boy; one more minute and I wouldn't been able ter let yer out of our little home. Yer saved yer old pal this time and yer always will be me pal. Yer may be a dog but yer got a mighty human heart fer a dog like you."

By morning, with the help of faithful Dave, Beaver made his way to the cabin, the hungry wolves not venturing near, for one Dave was a match for all of them.

Beaver Jack and Dave still live together, often wondering, each in his own way, what would have happened if Dave had not gnawed his way out through the cabin door.



San Francisco, Feb. 9, 1932.

Dear Fritz:

Strange things have happened in the last twenty years, but I call it a coincidence that I should arrive here after my long absence, on February 8, Founder's Day at Wilmerding. Discovering this yesterday morning, I thought that the day could not be better spent than in visiting the old school once more, so early in the afternoon I made my way over the old route to Utah street.

Of course, I was prepared for changes in the neighborhood, but the building I saw on the old site made me think for a moment that I had lost my way and come to the wrong part of the city. But no, there in large letters over the entrance were the words, "Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts." I will not take time to describe the interior of it as you will doubtless be anxious to hear of the conditions of the inside so it is enough to say that it is a beautiful building of granite, its proportions and decorations reminding me of the classic buildings of ancient times.

I don't know how long I stood there looking at it, but finally came out of my dream on being asked by one of the students if I would like to be shown around the school. Well, at any rate, they still had the same old custom, for this young fellow told me that he was one of the reception committee which was composed of seniors.

In the hall were about seventy others of the same age, whom I was informed were also to act as guides. I asked if all of these were in their senior year and to my great surprise he told me that this was only half of the entire class and that all together there are over fifteen hundred pupils enrolled. Some difference in size since our day, Fritz, if I remember right.

We ascended to the top floor in one of the elevators and entered a large auditorium which is used as an assembly room for the students and also for holding entertainments, lectures, etc. Across from this were two smaller which, my guide informed me, were the meeting rooms of the Senate and House of Representatives. Evidently this was something entirely new since our day, so I sat down right there and made my young friend explain their present system of student control.

It has been modeled after our national government and the students have entire control over their own affairs. There are twenty fellows, appointed by the President, who act as officers about the school and it is their duty to "arrest" any student who is found breaking any of the laws of the constitution. These cases are tried by the Senate and if the fellow is found guilty he is punished accordingly. This body has even the power of expulsion from school but it has never been found necessary to make use of that extreme. This scheme seems to work very well, the officers being respected by the students, and as it has been in practice now for five years it is evidently a success.

On one of the desks I picked up a magazine on the cover of which were



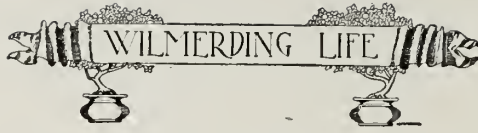
the words, *THE WILMERDING LIFE*,—sounds kind of familiar, doesn't it? Well, it's the same old paper only, of course, greatly increased in size to keep up with the present dimensions of the rest of the school. It is a book of about eighty pages, issued monthly and filled with stories, news of the fellows at school, illustrations, and, well, it's just the same old *LIFE* on a larger and grander scale. The Editor and Manager are still elected by the students and are given full power to run the paper as they see fit; of course, the Senate has the power to remove them from office if they prove incompetent or the standard of the paper is reduced.

Entering the elevator again, we descended to the floor below. Here are located a number of recitation rooms and the drawing departments. I asked to be shown the architectural room, as, of course, I was mostly interested in that division. By the way, the Mechanical Drawing and Architectural Departments are now entirely separate as the number of architectural students increased so as to take up the entire time of one teacher.

The door opened on a large and well-lighted room, where at about one hundred and fifty drawing tables sat the advanced architects. At one end of the room, at the instructor's desk, was an old gray-haired gentleman with a luxurious white beard completely covering the lower part of his face. Just then he looked up saying, "Keep quiet and go on with your work," and I had a good look at his face. It looked like him, sounded like him—yes, there could be no doubt about it, it was our same old teacher still on the same old job. However, at a close view I saw that he had not changed so much except for a few additional wrinkles and the whitening of his hair, which was caused soon after we left school by Holmes announcing that he would take a P. G. course in architecture.

The entire length of one of the walls was covered with drawings, they being the best work done each year. At the far end in a rather dark corner was an elevation of an old style class "A" building on which in large letters was announced that one, A. Bach, was the architect. I asked how this came to be among such beautiful work and was told that it was considered the best example of work done in the earlier days. My old friend, the instructor, said it must be the best drawing as Bach had said so himself. The work of the more recent students was of a much higher class, the course having been extended and made more complete until it equaled that of any university in the land. After looking over the work the boys were doing, I made my way out into the hall once more.

Passing a recitation room, I noticed one of the teachers whose whole attention seemed to be absorbed in a copy of *THE LIFE* which lay before her. My young friend seeing me stop said that this was the English Room and that the teacher inside was Miss Edwards, the head of that department. I thought it very strange that we should have had a teacher by the same name in that study and wondered if she could be the same; but this hardly seemed possible, for it is twenty years since we were at school and the lady before me was not now more than middle aged. Just then she looked up and it really was the same Miss



Edwards we had known. And when I say "the same," I mean it in every sense, for she did not look a day older than when I last saw her. It seems that when the women got the right to vote in California the first thing they did was to pass a law abolishing birthdays, so this is the explanation of Miss Edwards still remaining at the Wilmerding School. I had quite a little talk with her about the school and the many changes that have been made in the faculty since our time. Of the old teachers only a few are left, many have taken higher positions in other schools of the Wilmerding kind, while others are the heads of departments in some of our universities and art schools.

Just as I was leaving the room I heard someone call from the hallway: "Hello there, Boy," and turning around I saw a middle-aged man whose face seemed divided into two equal parts by the extensive grin that covered it. From his watch fob hung three large gold (?) letters—JAX—sure, that's who it was, our old friend Jakie. At first I thought he was still attending school, but he relieved me on that point, saying that he had graduated sometime prior to 1920 and was at the present time Professor of Lettering at Wilmerding. He said *Professor*, too. Jake had had an awful time of it, he spent so much of his time lettering signs and posters for everything that came along that he had little time for anything else. I'm afraid he never would have graduated but someone took pity on him and established a lettering and sign painting department at school and Jake was given a diploma the first day. A week later they made him instructor of the class and he has become so attached to the school in his long attendance that now he is willing to spend the rest of his life there, helping others to follow in his brilliant path, so long as he can make a poster himself now and then.

Jake told me the histories of many of the fellows but the one who has made the biggest name in the world is R. Aliwishes Kluver. He, if you remember, always did juggle with electricity and photography at the same time, often getting them mixed up and using the knowledge of one when doing work in the other. Well, one day Roy was installing some dynamos in a building and at the same time experimenting with a new camera of his to find what exposure was necessary in complete darkness. Returning from his lunch hour he found the patent alarm on his camera (his own invention) ringing, announcing that the plate was completely exposed and ready for development. Well, it was that plate that made R. Aliwishes what he is to-day, for it was a perfect picture of electricity itself; that force that has baffled the minds of our greatest men. Of course, Roy wrote a book and traveled about lecturing and although he didn't know what he was talking about the public fell for it and the wonderful Prof. Kluver retired a wealthy man.

This is but a sample of the adventures of our old friends as told by Jake; although he swore that everything he said was true, I am more particular about what I say and leave it to your own judgment whether to believe it or not.



I found it so late when my visit was finished that I did not have time to see the rest of the school, so postponing that pleasure for another day I started on my way home.

And now, Fritz, I think it is about time to turn the gas off, so here goes.
So long. · · · · · Your old classmate,

BUG.

Doings and Undoings of Wilmerding Students

ALBERT BOYLE.

The following is a short and concise record by Professor Highbrow, of the doings and undoings of certain members of the human species, commonly known as boys, whom he has observed while visiting The Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts. The Professor has kept his record in the form of a diary which is herewith set down; some time in the near future it will form a part of a most learned scientific treatise which he is editing.

Oct. 6, 1911—After visiting the Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts and observing the boys there, I determined that some record should be kept of their wonderful doings.

Oct. 13, 1911—Very busy all week. Visited school to-day. It was hot and a languorous air pervaded the schoolrooms. In the shops the boys appeared to be killing time by lifting up pieces of wood and iron and tenderly examining them. The boys seemed to be thinking about the week of vacation just passed and praying for another week to come. This proves that some kind of an instrument should be invented that would show the brain power used by each pupil; it would aid the teachers greatly in estimating endeavor.

Oct. 17, 1911—I have noticed a peculiar thing at this institution of learning, and that is, that when lunch time comes, the boys make a dash for certain stores in the vicinity of the school. Here they buy "whales," which "fishes" consist of oblong loaves of bread, sliced in the middle and then filled with fresh (?) ham and indigestible cheese. These "whales" are a detriment to the health and pocket-books of the students. When a student once eats a whale he always comes back for more, therefore, I would suggest that in future enlightened institutions of learning these so-called "whales" should be abolished from the curriculum.

Oct. 20, 1911—Visited school. Noticed a boy dreaming in the drawing-room, with his head on his desk. Students laughed and asked each other, when he would get his "suburban" finished, now that the baseball season was over. He was muttering to himself and I caught a few words, "The Seals are a disgrace." A machine for examining boys and showing what they are fitted for would not be amiss here, as the students would not waste their time studying architecture when they are better fitted for other work.



Oct. 21, 1911—The students are preparing to hold a Grand Dance, and those boys, who are selling tickets, had a motion passed at the Student Body meeting, to the effect that every student should buy a ticket to the dance. When the meeting adjourned, the students were met by the ticket sellers and forced to buy tickets, whether they wanted to, or not. This is school spirit. Some of our business men could take pointers from these ticket sellers.

Nov. 1, 1911—Visited the school to-day and met that renowned hunter of wildcat fame, "Count" Churchill. The papers contained accounts of his great struggle with a wildcat, which he finally subdued by hypnotizing it. He told me how he caught wildcats by creeping up and putting salt on their tails, and then leading them home with a string. This seemed so simple, it surprised me that nobody had thought of it before. He has also made a reputation for himself as a duck hunter (?). This youth's talents are being wasted at Wilmerding, as he might be in Africa making a world-wide reputation for himself as a big game hunter.

Nov. 9, 1911—I strolled into the lockerroom of the school, in search of material, and I came upon a young man, wandering aimlessly around, and saying, "Who did the Trig?" I looked hard at him and saw that his eyes were closed and he was asleep. I did not know that pupils were trained in the art of sleep-walking at this institution. It occurs to me that some M. D. can make a name for himself by reducing Trig. and other difficult subjects to liquid form so they could be injected into the students' veins.

Nov. 10, 1911—As I approached the school I saw a great crowd watching a small person running on the track around the oval. Everybody was yelling, "Go it, 'Murphy.'" "Show some speed." "Run it, 'Murph,' there's no one behind you." I soon saw that this was the great "Murphy" Sahlein, who, it is said, ran 100 yards in 5 seconds flat with the wind. I know that dogs are used to run churns and small machines, and I can't see why all this running and jumping could not be utilized as motive power for a vacuum cleaning machine to help Mr. Lozier, the long-suffering janitor of the school.

Nov. 30, 1911—The celebrities must be all in hiding for I did not notice any. when I approached the school to-day. I did see a tall youth coming out with a drawing plate under his arm. I found out afterwards that this student could do a whole sheet of drawing in one night. Here is a good chance for the scientists to experiment on these boys to see if they could produce a race of individuals who could work night as well as day, and so get our World's Fair ready promptly in 1915.

Dec. 2, 1911—Have been suddenly called away and must leave my diary incomplete. I have seen enough to convince me, that several embryo scientists, such as Reichhold, Sublette and Nichols, will develop enough talent by the time they graduate to finish this treatise.



Lumber From Forest to Factory

ELMER J. NICHOLS.

The first faint rays of the morning sun gleamed over the eastern horizon and shone down on the valley below, dispersing the last lingering shades of darkness and filling all nature with the joyful anticipation of another day. The forest suddenly awoke from the sleepy stillness of the night and burst into a glad song of welcome; the little birds sang as they hopped from branch to branch in search of food; the gray squirrel barked and chattered over his breakfast of nuts; the old cock quail called together his flock and led them forth from their nightly retreat in the pepper woods, while a family of deer drank quietly at a spring beneath a giant pine on the hillside. Far away down the valley the placid waters of the river shone here and there like burnished silver and were lost again in the forest, on their steady flow to the ocean, while the mist wreathed, purple mountains formed a fitting background for this beautiful vision of nature.

Each morning for innumerable years the giant pine above the spring had caught the first faint rays of sunshine in the net of its topmost boughs and proclaimed to all within the valley that day was at hand. The birds had nested securely in its branches, the squirrel had fed on its rich cones, and the family of deer had reposed in its cool shade unmolested by the sight or sound of man.

One morning in the early spring two men might have been seen walking up the valley. They paused beside each pine and redwood, estimated their size and the amount of lumber they contained, and then passed on to others. They slowly proceeded up the valley and were lost to view among the tree trunks. After this intrusion the valley was left in peace for a space of some months.

In the late summer strange sounds began to reach the valley, which grew nearer as the days passed, until finally one morning the squirrel awoke to find a camp in the valley below the spring. After this things moved swiftly for the inhabitants of the forest.

The mountain air was exhilarating and the lumbermen worked with a will; before a week had passed their shelters were finished and cutting was commenced. Nearer and nearer to the great pine came the gang of lumbermen and finally early one morning, two men came up to the pine, examined it closely to find the best place to cut, and then began to saw it down. Relentlessly the sharp teeth of the saw ate into the soft side of the pine, for the space of a half hour, then the saw pinched and the cut was wedged open. When the cut was two-thirds through the tree, the saw was withdrawn, and the remaining portion chopped away. Slowly the upper branches began to tremble, then the tree suddenly toppled over, and with a mighty crash the monarch of the forest fell to the earth.

Scarcely had the tree fallen, when the men passed on to another and their



place was taken by a gang of trimmers, who cut away the branches and left only the main trunk. They in turn were followed by others, who sawed the trunk into convenient lengths for handling. The logs were then fastened together by means of iron dogs, which were attached to short chains and driven into the ends of the logs with sledge hammers.

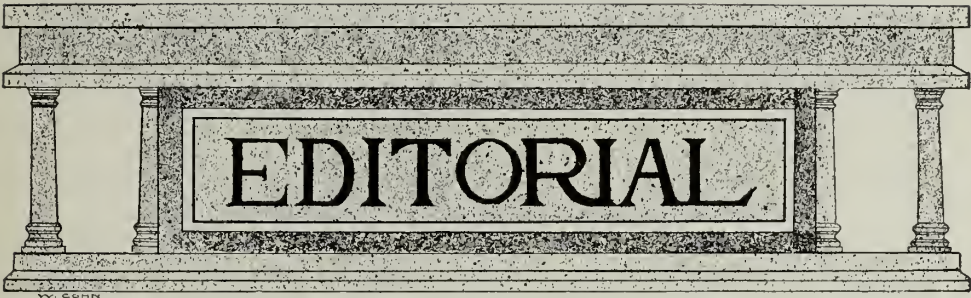
Soon men appeared driving yokes of oxen and hitching their teams to the chain on the first log, dragged them all down the hill to the river. Here the logs were unfastened and rolled into the river.

Thus the days passed into weeks and the weeks into months, until the river was filled with logs and the valley was shorn of its beauty. Then one day came the rain and for two weeks the valley did not see the sun. Higher and higher rose the river until every log was afloat. Then slowly they began to float down stream on their journey to the mill. The winter drive was on and the lumbermen were kept busy preventing jams, and breaking them when formed. This was the most dangerous part of their work, but they were homeward bound and did not mind the danger.

Finally after many days of hard toil the logs reached the mill, which was situated near the mouth of the river. They were kept from going out to sea by booms made of logs fastened together with heavy chains and secured on each bank.

Then began the work of sawing them into lumber. A car from the mill was run down an incline track until it was several feet under water, two or three logs were then floated over it, by means of long poles in the hands of lumbermen, in such a way that when the car was pulled up the logs were caught and carried into the mill. This car was then run up near the saw, and the log was rolled onto the carriage and secured firmly. The head sawyer examined the log to see how it could be cut into lumber, with the least possible waste. Then the carriage was run up to the saw and the first board cut off, the log was then moved over the desired distance by moving a lever. As soon as a board left the saw it was caught by a man and placed on a line of revolving rollers, which carried it past a second man, who separated all the scraps and worthless pieces, sawed them into short lengths and tossed them down a chute, which emptied them on to a fire outside of the building. A third man separated the different sizes and grades, while a fourth ran the narrow pieces through a machine which made them into tongue-and-grove flooring. Two saws were running at once and the mill was capable of sawing ninety-five thousand feet per day.

All the lumber finally reached the rear of the mill where flat cars were waiting to receive it. Here it was immediately loaded and when a train load was ready it was hauled away to the drying sheds. Here it was sorted and piled in huge piles to dry. When it became thoroughly cured it was loaded on schooners and shipped to all parts of the world, to be made, by the hand of man, into hundreds of useful articles. So we see that although the beauty of the forest was ruined forever, its usefulness to man became far greater than when it stood in all its grandeur beside the spring in the valley.



ELMER J. NICHOLS, '12,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	EDITOR
JESSE MACMURRAY, '14	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	BUSINESS MANAGER
WALLACE A. STEPHEN, '12	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

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ROBERT PEASE, '13	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Artist
FRED HAMMARSTROM, '12	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Artist
R. WILSON, '11	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Photographer

Oh, how much of joy and how much of misery is written in the little word *self-control*. The destiny of every man, that comes into the world, is plainly written there, for a man will succeed or fail in proportion as he practices or fails to practice *self-control*.

We listen to the words of a great speaker, who holds his audience spell-bound and wonder what is the secret of his success. We see a mighty statesman, who holds the reins of government in his hand and whose opinions sway whole nations, and we ask, "What makes him great?" Or perhaps our notice is attracted by some great warrior whose men would willingly follow him into the very jaws of death, and we cannot account for it. It is all answered in this same little word *self-control*.

No matter how great a man's abilities may be, if he cannot control himself he will certainly fail to control others. True success is never counted in dollars and cents, but in the characters we build and the good we bring to humanity.

We see the lack of self-control on every hand, in school, in society, on the street, everywhere it is brought to our notice. We see an intoxicated man reeling along the street, laughed at by some, pitied by others, and we say, "How can a man, made in the image of God, fall so low?" What caused his fall? Why,

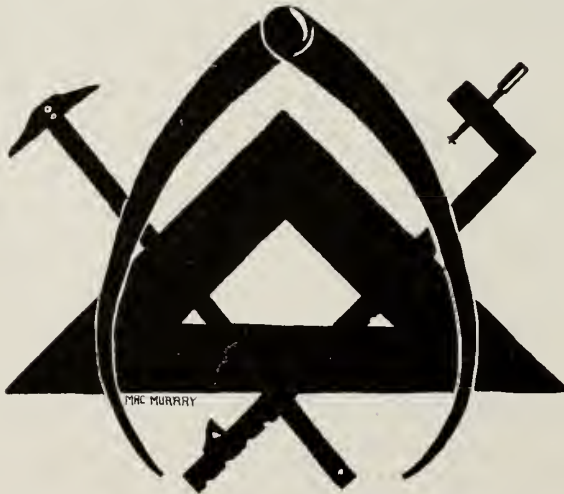


simply his lack of self-control, which is the basis of all true character. We read almost every day of public officials, who have betrayed their trust and accepted bribes, and we condemn them as thieves and grafters. If we seek the cause we will find that their lack of self-control in the hour of temptation caused their undoing.

Even here in our own school, any observant person can easily pick out the boys who exercise self-control and those who do not. Keep the rules of the school, play fair, give every one a square deal, and show that you have learned the lesson. The leaders in our school activities are, almost without exception, those who have learned this important secret.

We must have not only control over ourselves when we are tempted to do wrong, but we must have enough self-control to force ourselves to do right, when every one is against us.

Remember that you are men, and your character is just what you make it. Even God himself cannot change it against your will. Dare to have a principle and never fear to stand for it, though the world is against you. For the goal of honor, happiness and true success lies within the reach of every one, but the only safe way to attain it is through *self-control*.





Steve going thro' the yells



"Mac" hoofing the town for ads.



"Bing" looking 'em over



Nichols at work.



"Hilde" making his famous shot.



Kluver pres. of snap shooters.



The "RED" Waterdog



Wilson addressing the student body.



Scotchy reducing weight.

SCHOOL NOTES



Gerard '14

The constitution was entirely gone over and revised by a committee appointed for that purpose, and several changes have been made.

Art. III now reads: The officers of the Student Body shall be: A President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Yell Leader, Historian, and Grounds and Property Committee of three members. All are to be elected semi-annually by the Student Body, with the exception of the Treasurer.

Art. XI, concerning the Board of Control, reads: The members shall consist of the President, Vice-President and Secretary of the Student Body and two delegates from each class, elected semi-annually by their respective classes.

Art. IX deals with the Historian. It reads as follows: The Historian shall keep a record of all athletic events.

Art. X specifies the duties of the Grounds and Property Committee.

Art. XV establishes the time of meeting and gives the President power to call such extra meetings as he considers necessary.

Art. III of the By-Laws is an important one. It gives the Board of Control the right of passing measures over the veto of the President on a three-fourths vote. It also makes operative all measures, except those pertaining to finance, passed by the Board of Control until the next Student Body, when they may be annulled by a two-thirds vote of that body.

Art. VI regulates the giving of block "W's" and their height.

Art. VIII gives the Board of Control the right to regulate the wearing of school emblems.

All the articles were carried.

A number of pamphlets containing the Constitution of the Student Body were distributed amongst the members.

At the Student Body meeting of October 18th, a motion was carried requesting every member to take a ticket for the annual dance and dispose of it if possible. Another year has rolled by and another dance is on. Let everybody



go who can go; even if you don't dance, go and see the fun. So far the dances have been quite successful and we hope the many more to come will be the same.

An exceedingly interesting moving-picture exhibition was given by the Studebaker people, showing the actual manufacture of their famous E. M. F. "30's" and Flanders "20's." The pictures were explained by a representative of that company, so that, as he expressed it, we all could make automobiles for ourselves. It was well worth seeing and clearly explained every operation.

One of the most interesting talks we have had the pleasure of listening to, was given by Mr. Roberson. His subject was "Self-control," and by many good examples he illustrated the necessity of will power in athletics and school work. It was a heart-to-heart talk and all those who heard him kept in mind a few of the excellent points he gave us. They couldn't fail to profit by them. It may be that we will not be at school when Mr. Roberson makes a return trip, but we are sure that among his future audiences will be found some of those assembled on Friday to hear him speak.

The Board of Education has sent Mr. Roncovieri and several other members to investigate our system of shop work, as the city intends establishing a manual training school for the benefit of the public school pupils.

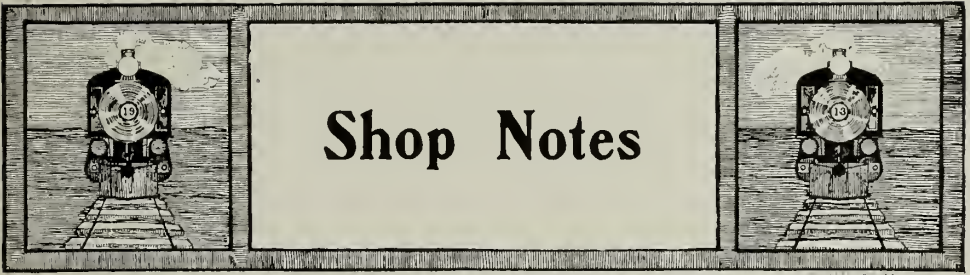
THE CAMERA CLUB

The excitement of the "after vacation" rush has died down and things in the club are back to their normal state. The members are now preparing for the winter season by devoting their time to reading books on the finer points of photography, such as the making of printing papers, plates and films and developers. Some of the fellows have reached quite a professional stage, having successfully made and used their own developers and printing paper, and even experimented in making bromide paper.

The darkroom committee has bought a lot of new things needed in the club which have added greatly to its efficiency.

Plans for a competition are under way and will be opened by the time the paper is out. Some very good entries are expected, as some fine pictures were taken by the fellows this summer.

There is one thing lacking in the club and that is the presence of some Freshmen. There are a number of empty lockers and it would be to the best interest of some of the Freshmen to use them.



ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING.

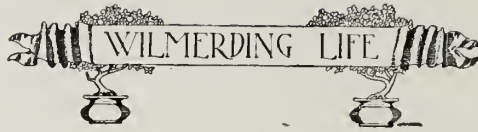
Every one of Mr. McHenry's advanced architects is showing an extra burst of speed, now that the end of the term is drawing near. Munk is completing the plans for his "Class A." It will be ten stories, and contain a bank and many offices. Wilson, Stegeman and Bach are also working on "Class A's." Boyle, Goldman, Holmes, Hynes, Hammerstrom, Lasselle, Maritzen and Stephen are drawing "Class C's." Hildebrandt and Hansel are making perspective drawings of their suburban residences. Jorgenson, Lloyd and Nelsen are working on their suburbans. Newman, Sosso and Jacobsen are finishing their originals. Hinterman and Ott are on measurements. Cohen, Rudolph and Sahlein are working on orders. Munthe and Jannsen are working on steel construction. Many of the second year boys are on their plates. The freshmen are working industriously on their sheets, and many have begun on elevations and projections.

THE BRICK SHOP.

The boys in the brick shop have accomplished a great deal this term, and soon they will have the west wing of the new building ready for the carpenters to work on. Caldwell is Mr. Werson's standby, and he is doing neat work on the building. Gilchrist and Hemenway are the only freshmen who have finished their outside arches. Rhode does neat work and is the quietest boy in the class. Zweirlein is doing neat work in running up a pilaster on the Sixteenth street front. Junker has been working faithfully, and he is a steady boy. The talk that Mr. Merrill gave one of the boys has helped considerable in making nearly all of them work harder.

CABINET SHOP.

The cabinet shop is full of life. Zecher has just a dandy dresser of primavera with three swinging mirrors. Now he is making a mahogany music cabinet. MacMurray recently completed an oak reading table, and is now making a book-case of oak, both of these being in mission style. Sandkamp has just completed a dandy mahogany rocker and parlor chair. Abrams is making a china closet of oak for himself. Clark is working on a morris chair of oak. Kelly is making a sewing table of oak. Goddard is making a china closet of pine. Knox, Jannsen and Rademaker are at work on two large drawing board



cases for the Lick School. Groth, Coops and Zecher have just completed three bedsteads in walnut and primavera. Groth has recently completed a dandy walnut case. Wright, More, Barret, McDermott, Hunt and Traube are on turning exercises. Churchill and Welch are making pieces for the sliding curtains in the drawing board cases. Smith is making a tabourette of oak for himself.

CARPENTER SHOP.

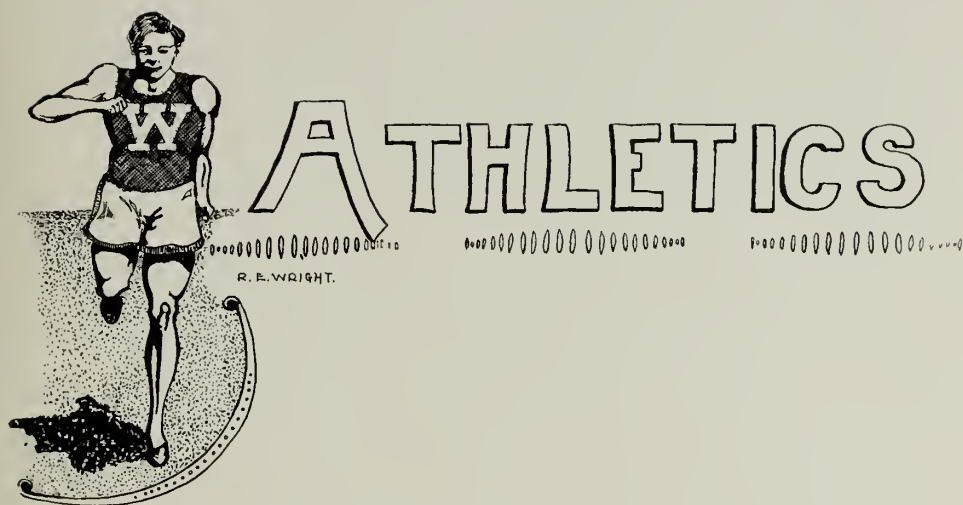
The boys in the carpenter shop are hard at work. Rankin and Turnbull are making finished stair posts for the new building. Gibbs is working on the rough work of the stairs in the new building. Laying foundations for the stairs, and building up the many steps and landings in the new school keep the carpenters busy. Beck, Stephen, Kerr, Munthe, Hardy, Brett, Stone, Brown and Dinnigan are among the boys who have been working on the new building. Some of the freshmen are constructing model roofs, and others are on the joints.

ELECTRICAL SHOP.

Everything in the electrical shop is at full swing. Von Ahn and Regnier are completing the new telephone system for the Lick School. Bender is finishing his model electric locomotive, and is now ready to construct its motors. Gladding and Hagan are making a set of five period bells to be used at Lick. Kluver and Feeney have been placing light clusters in freehand drawing. Reichhold is working on the plans of the new switchboard for the Lick School. Meyer has recently completed a dandy electric lantern for himself. Sublette is installing electric lights in the machine shop at Lick. Dieffenbacher is making a classy steam engine. Velisaratos is working on the monogram sign. Newman is installing a telephone in freehand drawing. Grimmestein is making an electric heater for Mr. Dodge. Many of the new boys are working on their bells, and will soon start their relays.

PLUMBING SHOP.

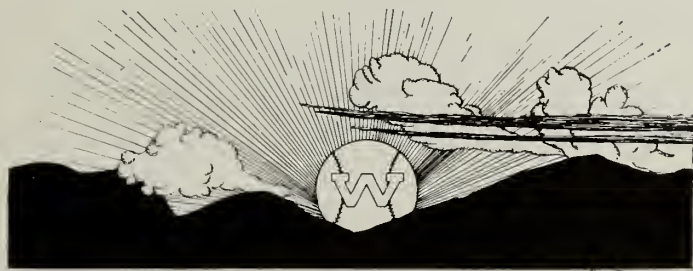
Owing to the large amount of work on hand, everyone in the plumbing shop is hard at work. Nichols has recently finished a large blue print trough for use in our architectural drawing department. Massed is working on the construction of the many pipes and joints used in the hot-air heating system of the Orphan Boys' Home, on Utah and Eighteenth streets. Peabody, Vane and Farley have been steadily at work placing the cornice on the roof of the new building, and now the work is completed. Roberts is making galvanized iron steam pipe for the Lick School. As two hundred and twenty-five feet of leader pipe are needed to drop from the cornice to the leader stacks, many of the boys are cutting and forming the sections of this pipe. The freshmen are on their advanced exercises, including developments in triangulation.



The school is witnessing one of the duller athletic seasons in many a year. As we had no Rugby team we did not enter the league games which were supported by all the other high schools. The league track meet was called off at the last moment, owing to the lack of interest shown. Our fellows, however, devoted themselves to interclass games which will develop material for the teams of next year.

TRACK.

Captain Turnbull of the track team had a team organized for the league meets which were afterwards called off. However, a successful inter-class field day was held on September 13, 1911, at the Seventh and Harrison streets playgrounds. The older fellows were surprised by the freshies, who carried off the honors with $56\frac{1}{2}$ points to their credit. The seniors were right behind.





R. MYLES 14

Spectrum, Portland, Ore.—Your journal is well arranged, but would not those two pages of ads. in front of the book look better in the back? Your literature is very good. “And Nix Looked On” is deserving of special mention. It contains good dialog and descriptive matter.

Tokay, Lodi, Calif.—You are a well arranged and up-to-date paper. The literature in each department is good but you need a better class of cuts. A better cover would also make your paper more praiseworthy. Poetry goes well with narrative in a literary department but be careful not to get an excess of poetry, although the majority of the poems are good.

Guard and Tackle, Stockton, Calif.—We do not approve of the staff and table of contents being together on the first page. The editorials are good but the Joke column is far in arrears. Your literary department must be developed, although Chiawah is an excellent Indian story.

El Gabilan, Salinas, Calif.—Your journal loses much praise from the fact that it lacks department cuts. Why not give “School Notes” and “Athletics” a separate page each? Your joke editor must do something to get better joshes. Your cover is neat.

Tattler, Nashua, New Hampshire—Why put the table of contents in the back? You must find a new arrangement, something that will create more interest. In the condition your paper is now in it looks to a critic as though it is a solid lot of reading matter all in one department.

Cogswell, San Francisco, Calif.—We do not consider the use of a memoriam in the joke column appropriate, as there is one of a serious nature in another part of the book. “The Ninth Panel” is a well written story. We enjoyed reading your very interesting School Notes.

Echo, Santa Rosa, Calif.—Your issue is as neat as any September exchange received. The editorial is excellent. “The Apple and Eve” is well written, while the joke column contains some good originals.

Somerset Idea, Somerset, Ky.—The editorial is your best department, and contains a great boost for a school spirit. If your students will live up to the words of your editor it will make you a model school. You need a separate josh column.



Sycamore, Modesto, Calif.—Your literary department contains as good literature as we have read this year. All the stories are far above the ordinary, especially “The Fate of Llewellyn Cadmon.” The lack of cuts is a detriment and you would do well to add a few more staff artists. Your cover is well drawn but it is not appropriate for a commencement issue.

Review, Lowell, Mass.—Your joshes are good but why not have spaces between them? Your paper has good material but lacks interest from the fact that your cuts are old. Could you not make your literary department more extensive?

Lowell, San Francisco; Calif.—We enjoyed reading your bi-weeklies, which are a big step towards a weekly. It keeps an outsider in much closer touch with you.

Owl, Fresno, Calif.—Your paper is well edited and very neat. Your drawings are well executed but is the spelling of the alumni cut correct? The literary department is very good, with “Number 13” as its best story.

The Tiger, San Francisco, Calif.—We do not approve of the alumni being in the editorial department, neither do we approve of so many exchange jokes. The literary department is good and contains some very original material.





"The Greeks reclined on one elbow and ate with the other," according to a History composition in Miss Edwards' class. Some jugglers and contortionists, those Greeks!

It was a dark and stormy night but the moon and stars were shining bright. Somebody is walking down the street, when a shadowy form steals out from behind a "McCarthy" sign and says:

"Your money or your 'Life.'"

"Take my money," was the quick reply.

Newman was carrying a towel upstairs when Jorgensen said:

"Where are you going with that towel?"

"Oh! I thought I had my algebra."

And so doth hard study affect our brain.

A fellow dropped his paints in the basin as he was washing and his face did not have a very cheerful look.

"Cheer up," said Kluver, "now you surely know your paints are water-colors."

The bricklayers joined the W. W. W. W. W. (Will we work? We Won't) club. Later accounts give the name of the club as B. B. B. B. (Busy Bees, Better Believe.)

"Lenzen—I guess we get a vacation on Thanksgiving, but it don't come until the 30th."

Lloyd—It can't come on the 30th, because it must be the last Thursday after the last Friday."

Von Ahn—Do you know that Bill Pappas is a track man?

Bender—No; is he?

Von Ahn—Sure. Don't he run the grocery store every day?

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Veleseratos was telling some of the troubles he encountered in fixing the free-hand telephone. He could ring up the electrical shop from there and it would be all right, but if he tried to ring up free-hand from the shop he couldn't hear a thing. This was Kluver's opinion of the mystery:

"Well! no wonder you can't hear; it's all up hill."

If M. J. B. is coffee, is G-r-a-n-t?

"The Italians are having their Thanksgiving early this year."

"How's that?"

"They are anxious to have their Turkey."

Geometry Teacher—Where were you the fourth period, Smith?

H. Smith (drawlingly)—In the shade of the geometry (tree).

Freshman (in plumbing shop, to Peabody who was soldering sheet metal)—Why do you heat your acid before you use it?

"Mr. Wood, how do you solder tin?"

"Is this thirst for knowledge, or dampnulisinness?"

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Miss Elliot (to F. Smith)—It's a wonder you wouldn't behave in the locker-room. Let me see if you can't for a week, then I'll let you know.

F. Smith—The only way that you could let me know would be by a bunch of flowers or a floral piece.

The Report Card Poem.

Report cards to the right of us,
 Report cards to the left of us,
 As in the assembly room
 Roamed the whole school.

Good marks on one side of us,
 Bad marks on the other.
 Now there's nothing to do
 But fight it out with mother.

Snell (in History)—Miss Edwards, it says here, "Thus ended the reign, though not the life of Henry VI." What does that mean?

Higgins—He dies to-morrow (meaning next lesson).

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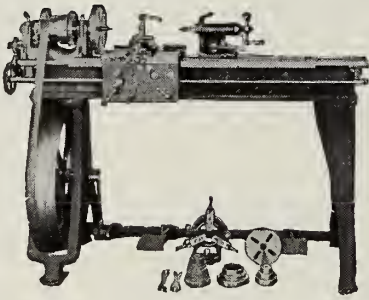
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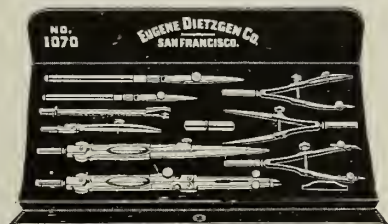
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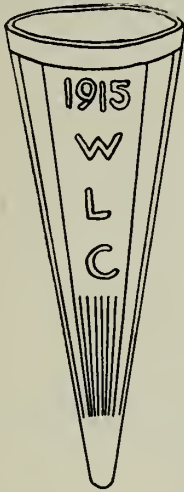
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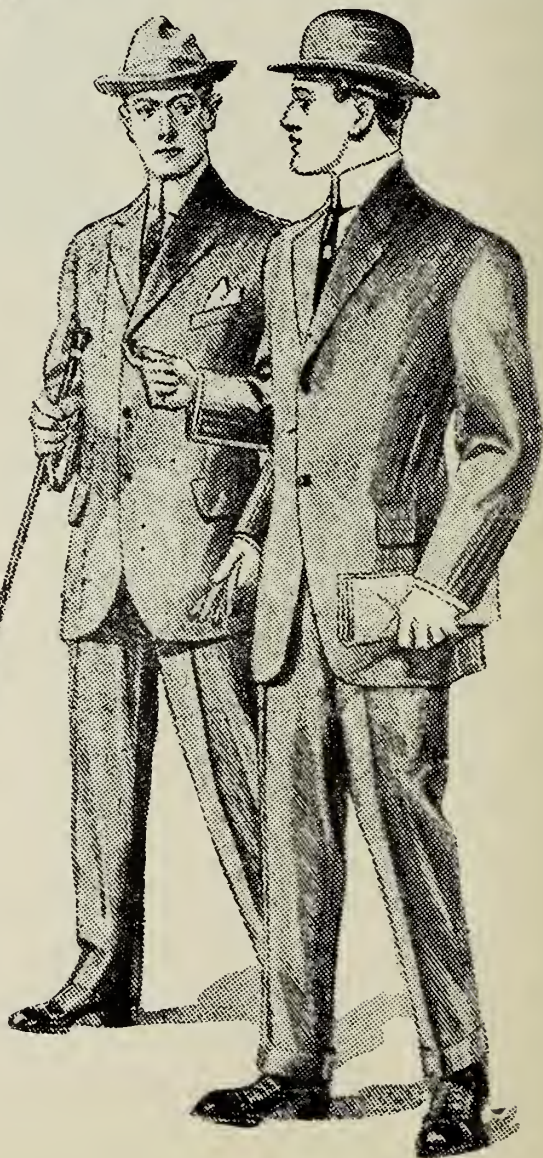
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